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ALL NEW

The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS

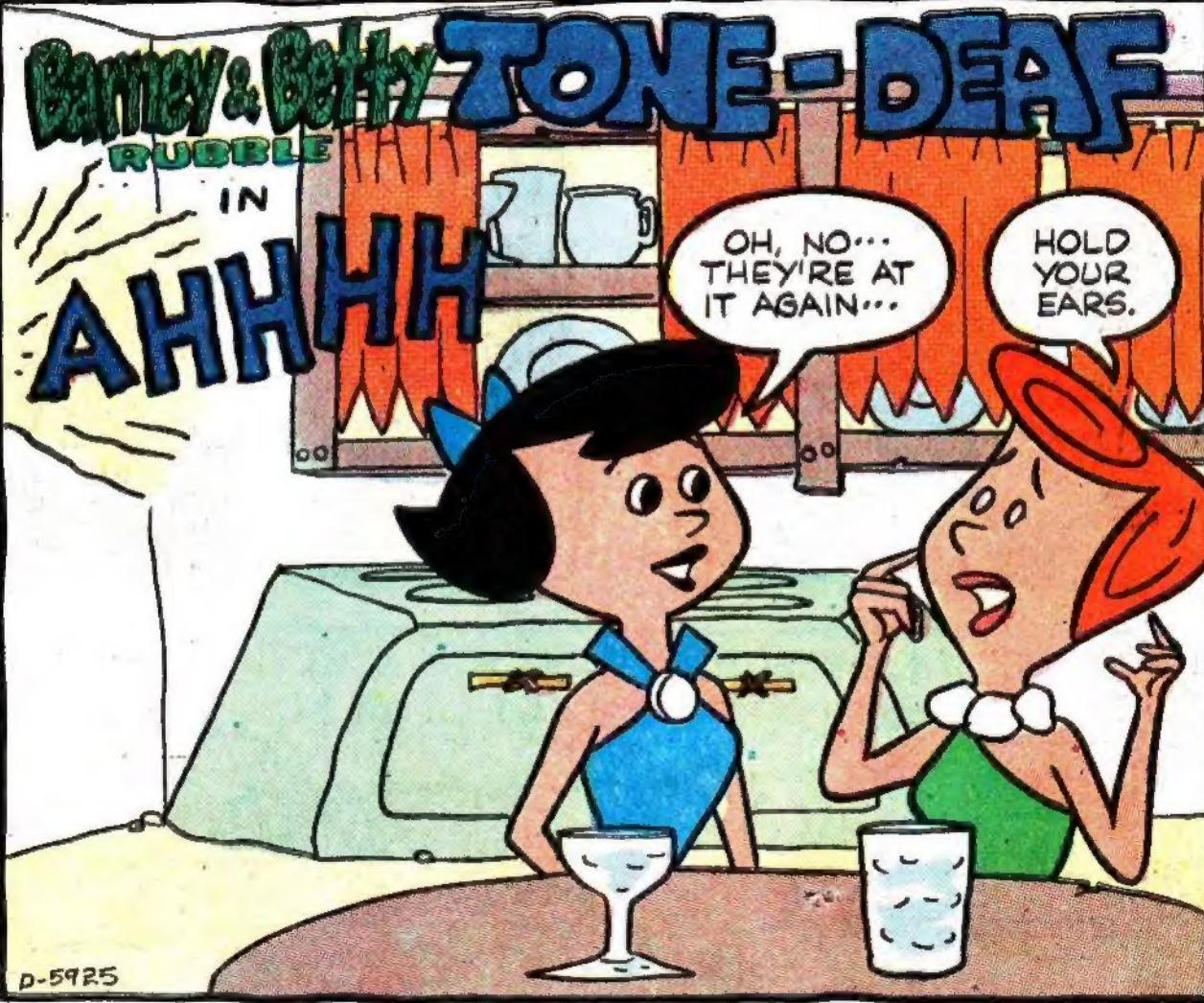
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Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera
Production





BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 2, No. 8, July, 1974,

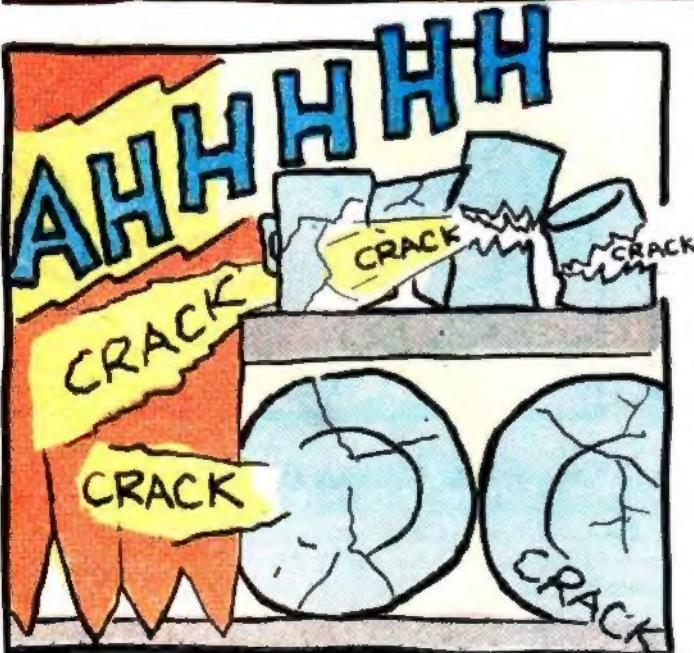
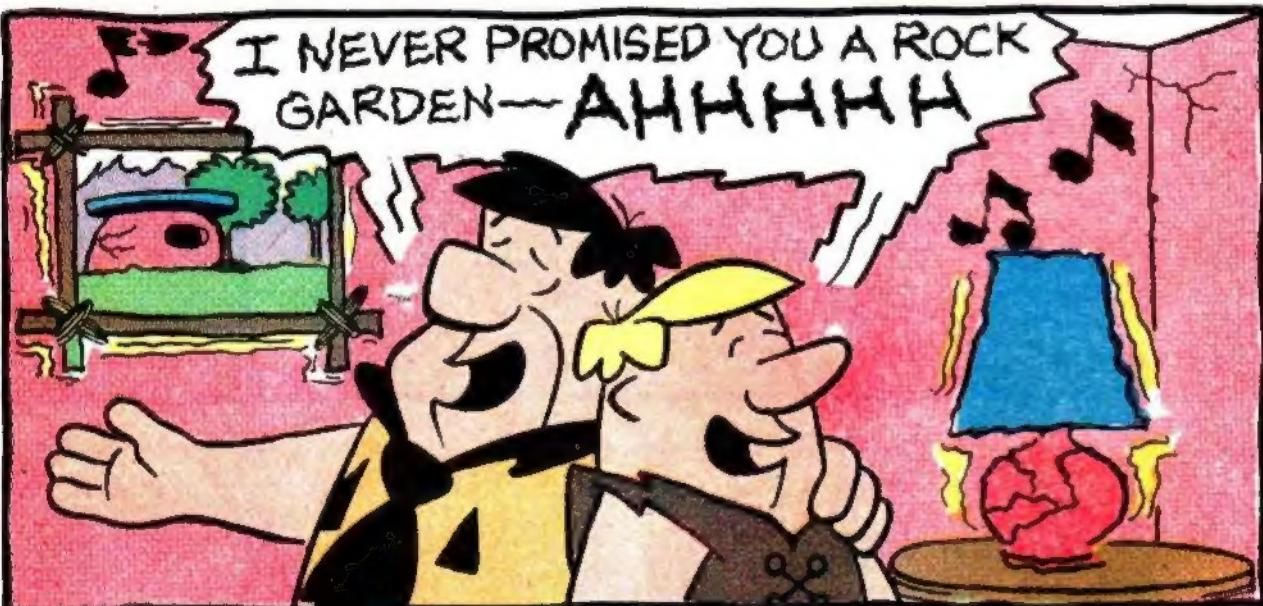
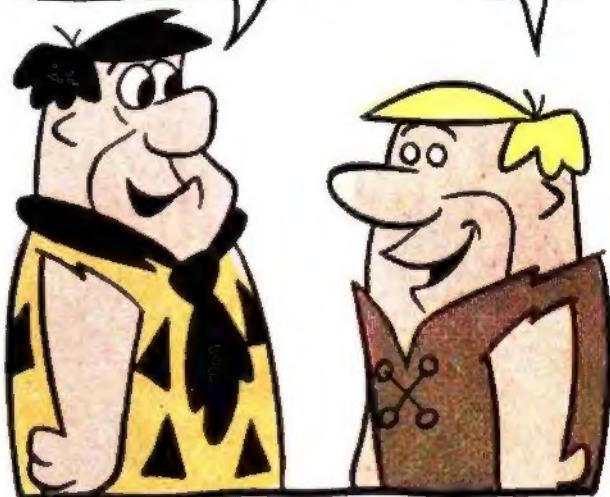
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HEY, THAT WAS
SOME GREAT
HARMONY, BARN'

THANKS,
FRED!

LET'S RUN THROUGH
IT ONE MORE TIME...

OK,
FRED!



IF WE KEEP UP THIS HIGH
STANDARD OF VIRTUOSITY
BARN', WE MAY SOMEDAY
PLAY THE HOLLY ROCK BOWL!



IF YOU TWO SANG IN THE
HOLLY ROCK BOWL, YOU'D
PROBABLY CRACK IT...



COME ON, BETTY, DON'T
YOU KNOW GOOD MUSIC
WHEN YOU HEAR IT?



YEAH, HEH HEH... THE MUSIC WORLD
HASN'T SEEN THE LIKES OF US
SINCE ENROCKO CARUSO...



AND NEVER
HAVE THEY
HEARD THE
LIKES OF YOU!

LET'S JUST
HOPE THEY
NEVER DO...



LET A PROFESSIONAL
DECIDE THAT... WE'RE
GOING FOR AN AUDITION
TOMORROW...



NEXT DAY...

THIS IS THE PLACE....

ROCK ROLL PRODUCER

GO RIGHT IN,
MR. ROLL IS
EXPECTING
YOU!

MR. FLINTSTONE, MR. RUBBLE,
WELCOME! ARE YOU READY
TO AUDITION?

READY IN A
SECOND...

RIGHTO.

START
WHENEVER
YOU'RE
READY...

A ONE - A TWO -
A THREE

ROCK-A-BYE
YOUR
BABY

CRACK CRACK

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

HOW'D WE DO,
MR. ROLL?

I'VE GOT JUST THE JOB
FOR YOU... REPORT TO THIS
STUDIO AT ONCE...

YABBA
DABBA
DO!



I WONDER WHEN
THE BOYS WILL
GET BACK...

HERE
THEY COME
NOW!



HOW'D
YOU
DO?!

WE PASSED
THE AUDITION
AND GOT A JOB...



YOU DON'T LOOK
TOO HAPPY, WHAT
WENT WRONG?



HE WANTED US TO DO
FOG HORN IMITATIONS FOR A
SOUND EFFECTS RECORD!



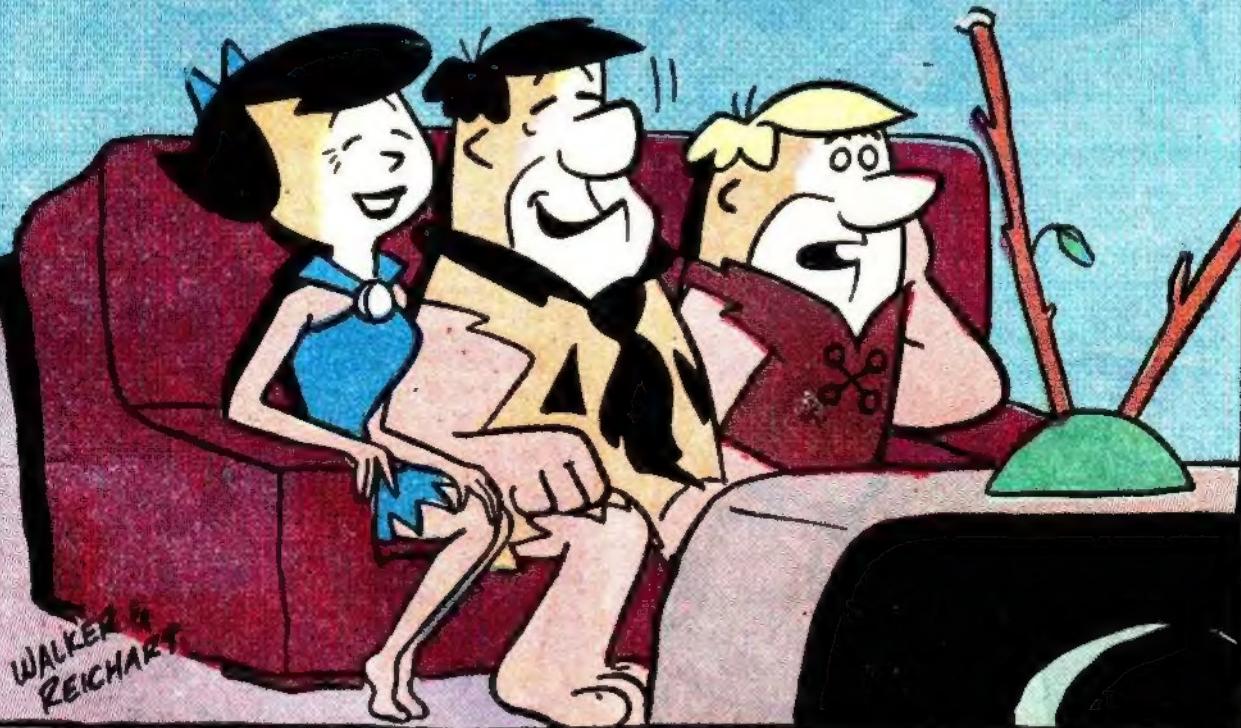
Barney & Betty Rubble

in FUNNY MAN

HA HA... THESE T.V.
COMEDIANS SURE
ARE FUNNY...

YEAH, HEH, HEH, THEY
COME UP WITH SOME
REALLY CLEVER GAGS!

AW, I
BET I COULD
BE JUST AS
FUNNY AS
THEY ARE!



AW, C'MON,
BARNEY, YOU'RE
NO COMEDIAN...

WHY, I HAVE
A NATURAL
TALENT FOR
COMEDY...

HAW HAW...
NOW THAT'S
FUNNY...

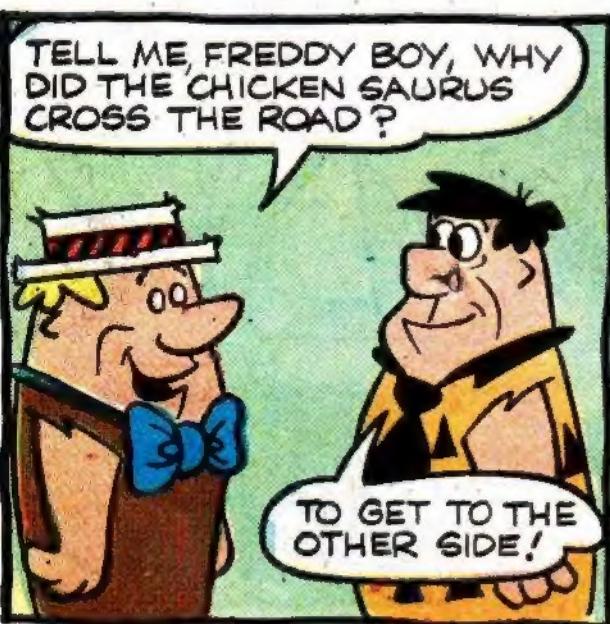
LET ME GET
SOME GAGS TO-
GETHER AND
I'LL PROVE
IT!



ANNOUNCING THAT UP
AND COMING NEW
COMEDY SENSATION,
BARNEY RUBBLE!



TELL ME, FREDDY BOY, WHY
DID THE CHICKEN SAURUS
CROSS THE ROAD?



OH, YOU KNOW
THAT ONE... LET ME
TELL ANOTHER...

DON'T
BOther!



DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE
VEGETABLE THAT
TELEPHONED THE ROSE?



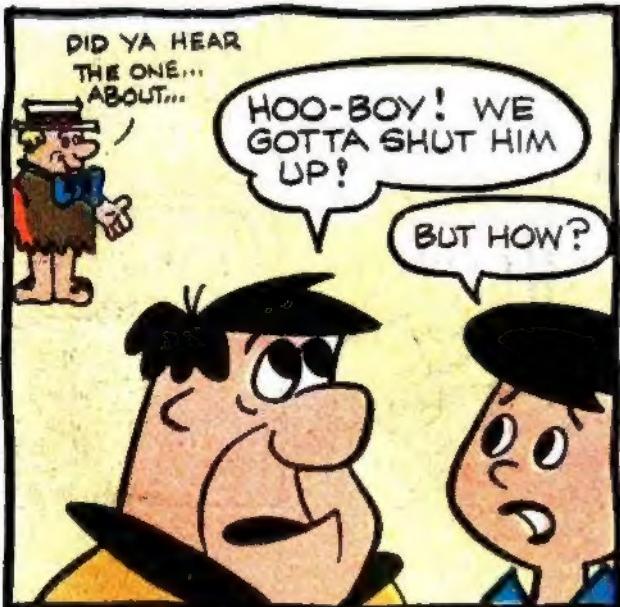
YEAH, HE CAULIFLOWER!
I MADE THAT ONE UP
MYSELF!

NO
KIDDING...



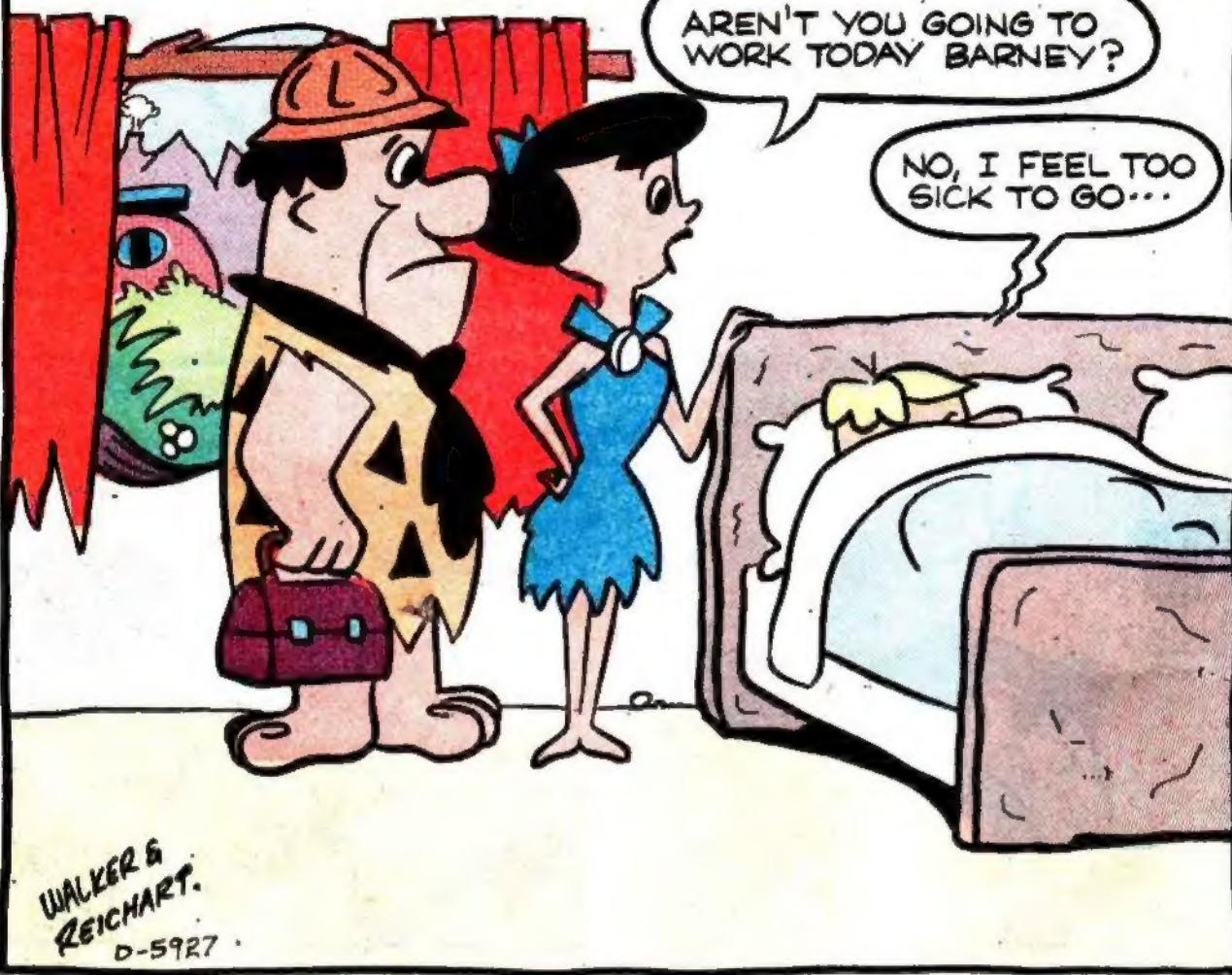


A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO
ME AS I LOAFED OUTSIDE
THE COOKIE FACTORY, A COP
NAMED BAKER ARRESTED ME
FOR ROLLING A BUM FOR SOME
BREAD... WHEN HE ASKED ME
WHY I DID IT, I TOLD HIM I
**KNEADED THE
DOUGH...**
HAW HAW HAW HAW



**Barney & Betty in
RUBBLE**

**SICK
LEAVE**





Barney & Betty
RUBBLE

in PHONY BALONEY

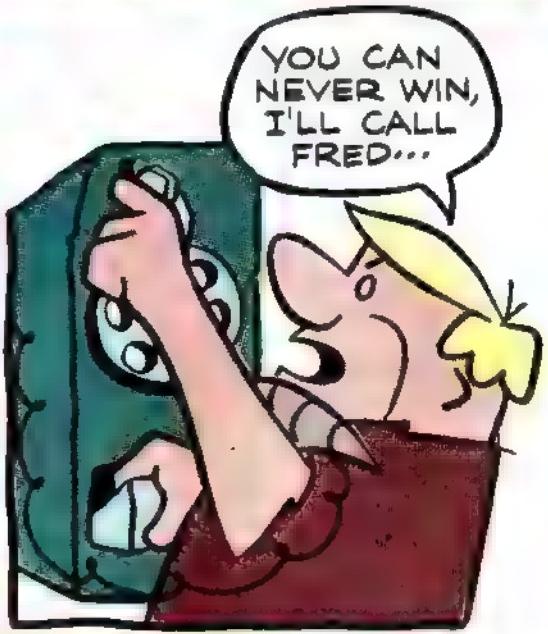
THANK YOU,
OPERATOR...
GOOD-BYE!

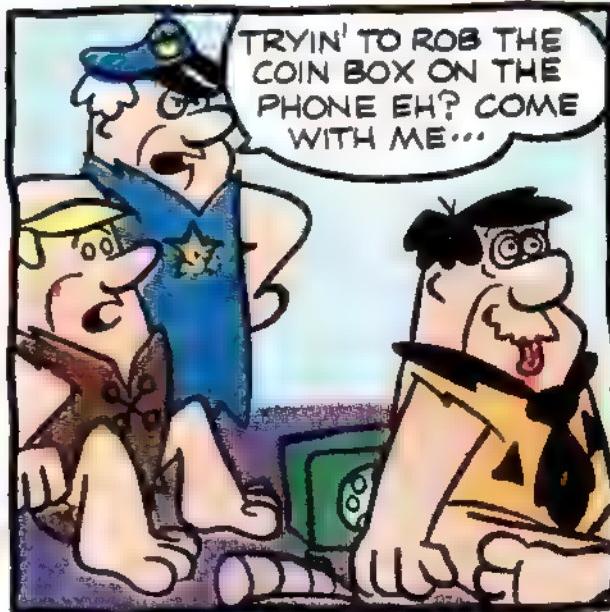
TELEPHONE

WALTER G.
KELLYART

NOW I'LL JUST GET MY
DIME BACK... HA, THERE
IT IS!

UNH... HEY!
MY FINGER'S
CAUGHT!





Boredogs, Mooners and Groaners

For more than thirty years, I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I, also, have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, these little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle, or find something that the teacher doesn't know. How happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

Our new principal, Dr. Herman Lusser, required that every teacher prepare a set of questions to be given as a final examination. He checked through my questions and then gave his o.k. to it. These I had mimeographed, and one June day I gave my class this final examination. Tommy Herlowe sat in the fifth seat in the second row on that day. He would look at the examination paper, then at his answer paper, and laughter came from his lips. I was very much annoyed. When the class had been dismissed, I kept him in and spoke to him.

"Did you think my questions were funny?" I wanted to know.

"They were very good," he informed me. "I didn't know the answers. They were funny. That's why I laughed."

He just passed that examination with a mark of 65%.

There are times when the kids will repeat over and over again what seems to us to be sheer nonsense. But they enjoy doing it. For example, one day while on yard duty the kids were all saying: "Nifty - bitty - hiffty - he seems to be so shiffty." I did the best I could to get one boy to explain it to me. But he snapped back at me, "You mean you don't know it?"

On another occasion, they all were saying this one: "Sixty seconds make a minute. Sixty minutes make an hour. Twenty-four hours make a day. Three hundred and sixty-five days make a regular year. One hundred years make a century. Can you live that long?" One girl asked me what a lot of centuries make. So I told her about the word aeon. Two days later, they repeated it all during the play time in the yard. But this is what they added:

"A lot of centuries make an aeon. Teacher says so. But we won't be around to find out if he is right or wrong. Anyway that is very long."

One day, our kindergarten teacher had to leave for an hour on some kind of an emergency. So I was asked to send my brightest girl to sort of "keep order." Eloine went there and then came back when the kindergarten teacher returned.

"How were the little ones in kindergarten?" I asked.

"Still there," was her two word reply. And you know something? The more I thought about it, the more I concluded she was right in her answer to my question. This next one is really for our post office big shots. When they introduced the zone numbers, we teachers were called to a special conference after school by our principal. A man from the post office spoke to us and gave each teacher a zone sheet. Then the principal gave the orders.

"Next to the address of each pupil in your roll book, write the zone number. Then devote one hour, if necessary, to be certain that each student knows his zone number."

This I did, and I was almost blue in the face when I finished. Two days later, little Peter didn't return for his afternoon class. His mother was worried and came to school. He hadn't even gone home for lunch. So the principal called the police precinct, and by two thirty an officer came with little Peter in tow.

"What a headache he gave us," sighed the police officer. "But I will admit he is a nice and polite kid. He couldn't remember his own name, on what street he lived, nor even the number of the house in which he lived. All he kept repeating over and over was his zone number: 10458 ... 10458 ... 10458."

O.k. Anyway, Peter got back to normal before he left school with his mother. But I'll never forget what he said to me.

"Gee, I think I forgot my zone number. What is it? Is it 45801 or 10584?"

Anyway, I guess I was sort of lucky because the principal didn't send for me or scold me in any way whatsoever. Maybe I did a good job on teaching the zone number, at that. More next time about what happens in a school and especially in my class.

Barney & Betty

WINDBIRD

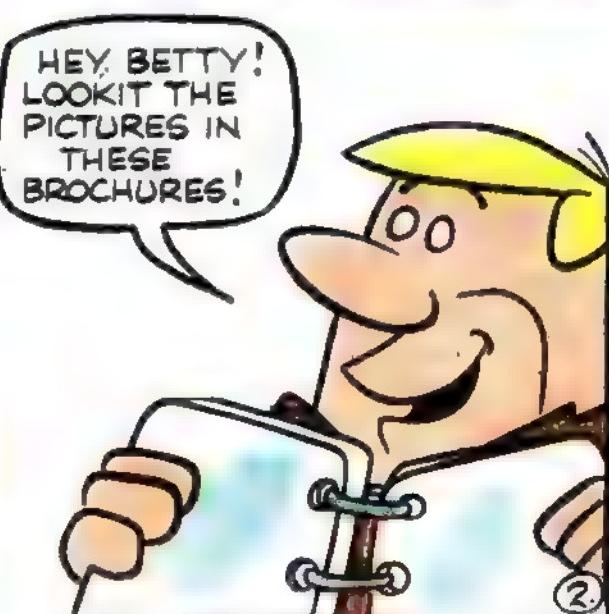
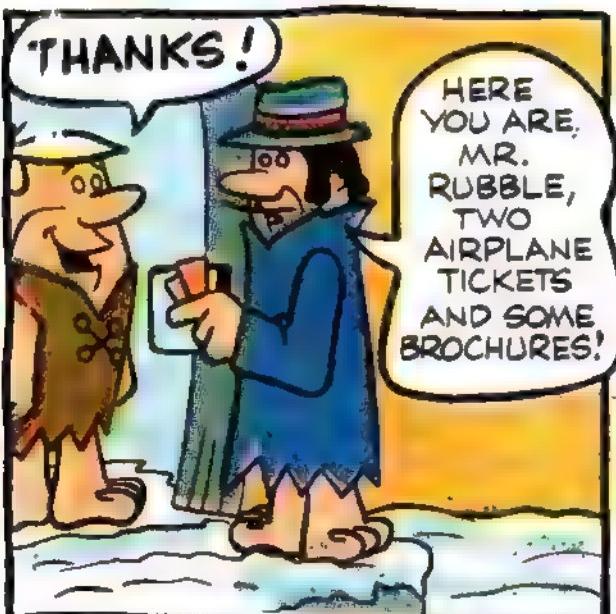
in TRAVEL TROUBLE

BOY, SOMETIMES
THE WEATHER AROUND
HERE CAN GET PRETTY
DEPRESSING.....

WALKER &
REICHART.

WA...?
WHAZZAT...?
WHOOPEE!!





IT LOOKS
BEAUTIFUL,
BARNEY

YEAH, DOESN'T
THAT HOTEL LOOK
GREAT!

A GOLF COURSE,
WHITE SANDY
BEACHES...
PALM TREES...

SURF,
SUN,
PRETTY
GIRLS...

BARNEY!
!

NOT AS PRETTY
AS YOU THOUGHT,
BETTY... HEH, HEH...

WELL WE'D
BETTER START
PACKING...

THIS WILL GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO
TRY OUT MY NEW
CAMERA...

CALL THE FLINTSTONES AND SEE
IF THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF
BAMM-BAMM...

OKAY...

YEAH, WE LEAVE
TOMORROW... GREAT!
I'LL SEND YOU
A POST CARD!

IN JUST A LITTLE WHILE
WE'LL FEEL THAT WARM
TROPICAL SUN....

I ...
CAN'T
WAIT...



GOSH, IS THIS
IT?! IT LOOKS
GREAT...

NO, THIS ISN'T
IT, MR. RUBBLE,
FOLLOW ME...



YOU HAVE TO TAKE ANOTHER
FLIGHT TO GET TO THE ISLANDS.
YOUR PLANE IS OVER HERE...

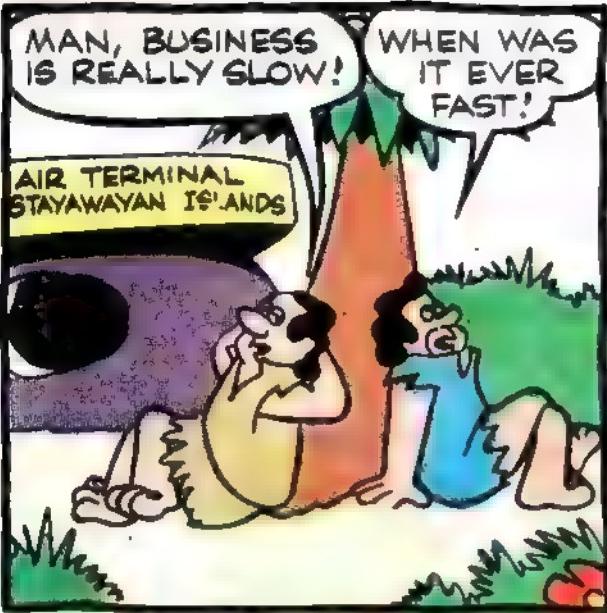
YIPE!



I'VE BUILT MODEL
AIRPLANES THAT WERE
STRONGER THAN THIS
THING!

AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE FAR
TO GO... ASSUMING THAT WE
GET THERE AT ALL...





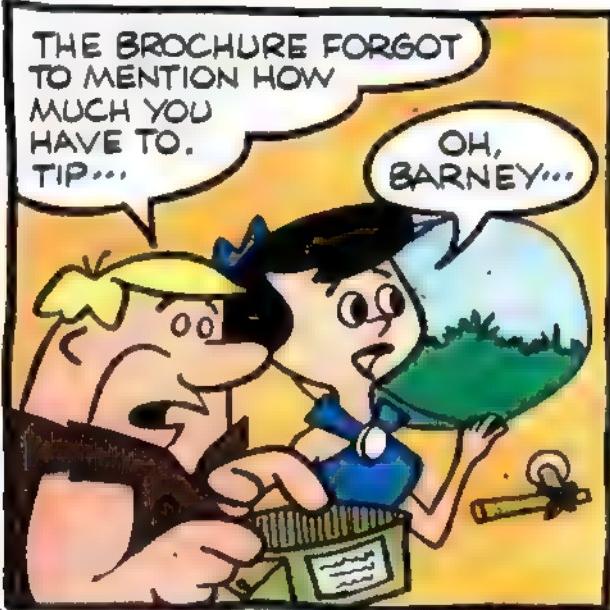
THEY DON'T COME VERY
OFTEN, BUT WHEN THEY
DO, WE MAKE UP FOR IT!

SURE
DO!



THE BROCHURE FORGOT
TO MENTION HOW
MUCH YOU
HAVE TO.
TIP...

OH,
BARNEY...

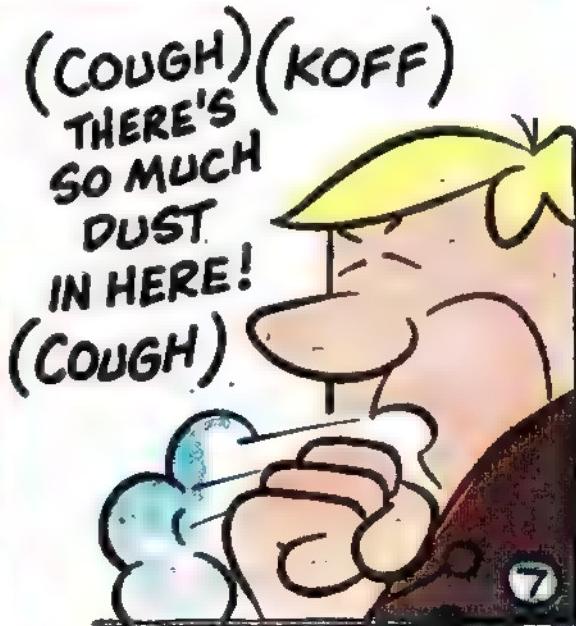
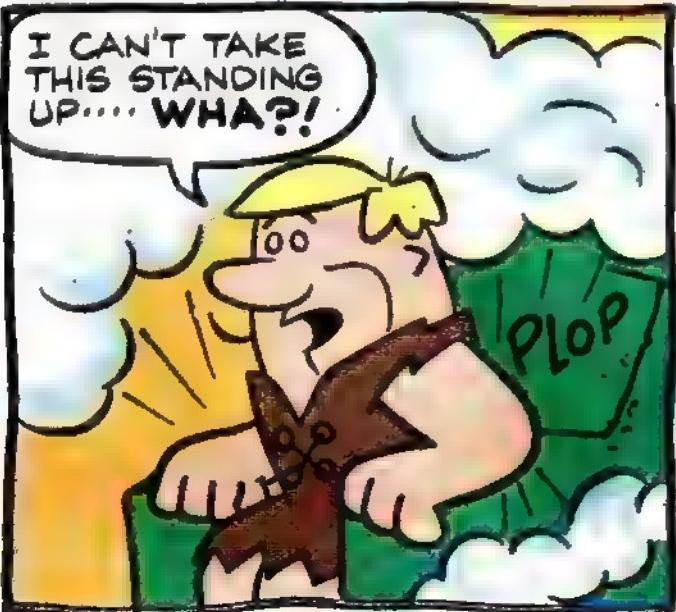
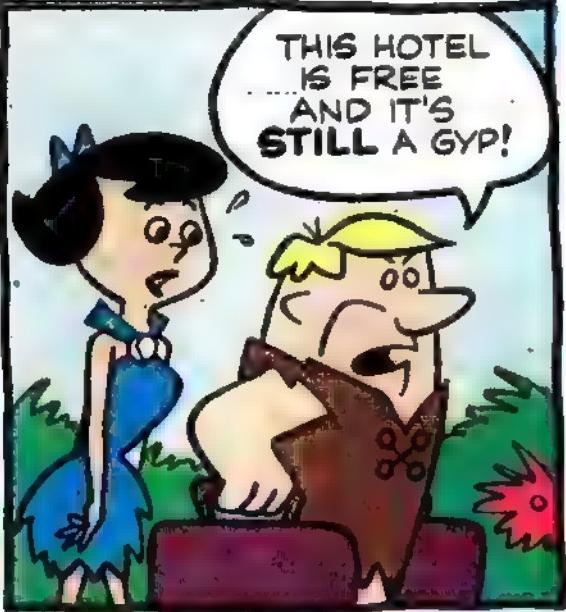


... ANOTHER
THING THE BRO-
CHURE FORGOT
TO MAKE
CLEAR...



...Y...YOU MEAN
THAT IS THE HOTEL?!!





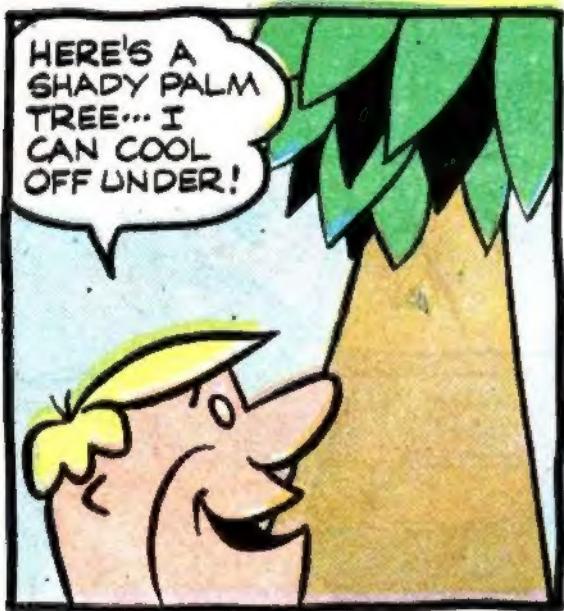
THE AIR CONDITIONER DOESN'T WORK EITHER, BARNEY... WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE MAID - I'M GOING SWIMMING...



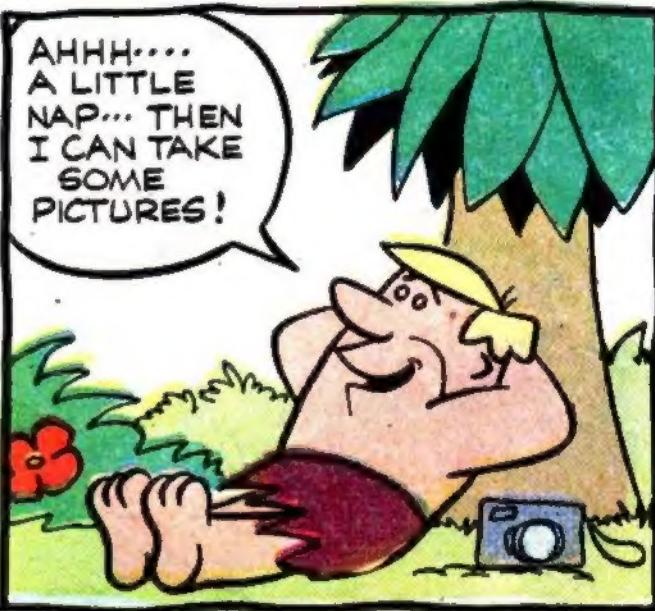
BOY! I HAD TO TIP THE MAID ANOTHER TEN BUCKS!



HERE'S A SHADY PALM TREE... I CAN COOL OFF UNDER!



AHHH... A LITTLE NAP... THEN I CAN TAKE SOME PICTURES!



OW!





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